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## THE WANDERER'S COMPLAINT.

There's not a joy the world can give, like that it takes away. BYRON.

How drear it is to dwell upon the time 'twixt youth and age—  
To turn, with tearful eyes and dim, life's black and backward page,  
When if a thought of childhood's joys steals sadly through the gloom,  
'Tis like a star-beam breaking on the midnight of the tomb.

On by-gone hours of happiness to dream with deep delight,  
To bring the dormant deeds of days long vanished, back to light;  
And then, when all around, within, is calm and fond and fair,  
To wake from out that vision bland, and look on blank despair.

And Oh, the pang than death's more sharp, when life's full noon has passed  
In wandering o'er the bleak world's ways, to reach thy home at last;  
Where hope and joy, close linked with love, disported 'mid the flowers,  
And to find all—*all* flown for aye, and grief within its bowers.

Once more among the sunny meads where boyhood flew, alone,  
In eve's grey saddening light I stood, a stranger and unknown:  
The bursting thought rose to my lips—"Where are my first friends gone?"  
And echo back rolled on my ear in withering whisper—"gone."

My mother's melting accents—and my sister's sweet tones too,  
Those sounds that lingered round my soul ere heavenward up they flew;  
The balmy breath of tenderness—fond hearts—"all perished! all!"  
In agony I asked aloud, and echo answered—"all."

And she who, blithe and lovely thing, grew beauteous by my side,  
The hope of hearts—my life of life—in virgin splendor's pride;  
"The fields, the groves she loved, are here, but she—where has she fled?"  
I asked of each in trembling tone—but echo answered—"fled."

Then as I trod in solitude the cold deserted hearth,  
Where hope once smiled, and young love lived—if love lived e'er on earth,  
'Twere better, Oh! than this I saw—lone, friendless, far to die,  
In frenzied mood, I shouted loud—and echo answered—"die."

Thus spake in very wretchedness, a spirit-stricken man,  
While down his pallid cheeks in streams, tears—burning tears—quick ran;  
A man of sternest port he seemed, and fearful 'twas to see  
The strife that with his heart he held to hide his agony.

But nature's voice will still be heard, though callous be the soul,  
As in the deepest dungeon's gloom is heard the earthquake's growl;  
And in that soul though withered—seared—though life be on the wing,  
The sight of sunny youth's fair scenes will wake its sharpest sting.

The wanderer passed, and lapsing years fled in their swift career,  
'Twas said he sought, in distant lands, a lone and friendless bier—  
But one bright morn, within that home, when day dispelled night's gloom,  
Beside his still beloved hearth his heart had found its tomb.

J. SNOW.